

THE
FIRST BOOKE
OF AYRES.

OR
LITTLE SHORT
SONGS, TO SING AND
PLAY TO THE LVTE,
WITH THE BASE
VIOLE.

NEWLY PUBLISHED
BY

THOMAS MORLEY
*Bachiler of Musicke, and one of
the Gent. of her Majesties Royall
CHAPPEL.*



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the assigne of Thomas Morley, and are to be sold at
his house in Gracious streete. 1600.*

Cum Privilegio.

THE FOLGER SHAKESPEARE LIBRARY

TO THE WORTHIE AND VERTVOVS
LOVER OF MUSICK, RALPH
BOSVILLE ESQUIRE.



*If, the loue which you do beare to my qualitie, proceedeth
(no doubt) of an excellent knowledge you haue therein.
(For vnconouth vnkist saith venerable Chaucer:) But that
which (among so many professors thereof) you beare to
my selfe in particular, must simply flowe from the bountie
of a generous spirit, there being no other meanes in me to
deserue the same, but onely desire. In recompence therefore of my priuate
fauours, I thought it the part of an honest minde, to make some one pub-
lique testimonie and acknowledgement thereof. And that, by consecrating
vnto your protection these few light Ayres for the Lute voice and Violl one-
ly. Which as they were made this vacation time, you may vse likewise at
your vacant bowers. But see the folly of me, who whilst I look for a Patrone,
haue lighted on a iudge. This must be the comfort that, as they must en-
dure the censure of your iudicious eare: so shall they bee sure
of the protection of your good word. And herewith
once more I humbly commend them
and me to your good
opinion.*

At your deuotion now and euer.

THO. MORLEY.

TO THE READER.

LEt it not seeme strange (courteous Reader) that I thus farre presume to take vpon me, in publishing this volume of Lute Ayres, being no professor thereof, but like a blind man groping for my way, haue at length happened vpon a method; which when I found, my heart burning loue to my friends would not consent I might conceale. Two causes moued me hereunto, the first to satisfie the world of my no idle howers (though both Gods visitation in sicknesse, and troubles in the world, by futes in Law haue kept me busied.) The other cause was to make tryall of my first suites, which being effected, I will commend to indifferent and no partiall iudges. If *Momus* doe euer carpe, let him doe it with iudgement least my booke in silence flout his little iudgement. If he would faine scoffe, yet feareth to doe it through his wits defect, let him shew iudgement in his tongues restraint, in the allowance of that which I doubt not, but more iudiciall eares shall applaude. Too many there are, who are fillily indewde with an humour of reprehension, and those are they that euer want true knowledge of apprehension. I know that *Scientia non habet inimicum prater ignorantiam*: but I shall not feare their barking questes. This booke expects the fauourable censure of the exquisite iudiciall eares, scornng the yel. come of any *Mydas*, if therefore the more worthe receive it into their fauour, it is as much as euer I wished, or can expect. In lue whereof, I shall by this encouragement promise and produce sundrie suites of this kind, which verie shortly I will commend vnto you. In the meane time I commend and commit both this and my selfe, to your euergood opinion. And salute you with a hartie. *Adieu.*

Yours in all loue.

THO. MORLEY.



A TABLE CONTAINING
ALL THE SONGS IN
THIS BOOKE.

A Painted tale.	i.
Thirsis and Milla, the first part.	ij.
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With my loue.	iiij.
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FINIS.



Pain - ted tale by

Po - ets skill de - nised, where words well plaft great store of loue profess.

In loues at - tyre can ne - uer Maske dif - guyde,

For looks and fighs true loue can best expresse, And he whose wordes his passions night can tell

Dooth more in wordes dooth more in wordes then in true loue ex - cell,

Painted tale,

THO. MORLEY

FOR THE BASE VIOLIN

And he whose wordes his passions night can tell 4: Dooth more in wordes, dooth more in wordes,

then in true loue ex - cell,



His and Milla, arms in arme together, In merimerimay to the greene

garden walked, Where all the way, where ij. they wanton ij. ij. ri-dles

talked, The youthfull boye, kif-sing her cheekes all ro-sie kissing her cheekes all

ro-sie, Be-seecht her there to ga-ther him a po-sie, The

youth-full boy, kif-sing her cheekes all ro-sie, kif-sing her cheekes all ro-sie;

His and Milla.

FOR THE BASSETT, The first part. 71. THO. MORLEY.

Be-seecht her there to ga-ther him a po-sie.



Hee straight hir light greene fil-ken coates vp tucked

and May for Mill and Time for *Theraps* plucked, which whē she brought her clasped her

by the middle, And kist her sweete ij. but could not read her riddle, Ah foole. ij. with that the

Nymph set up a laughter, And blusht, and ran and ran away ij. ij.

And he ran af-ter, And hee ran after after. And hee ranne

The first system of musical notation for 'The Rose Tree'. It consists of a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody begins with a quarter rest, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, including a triplet of eighth notes. The notation is in a standard musical format with a single staff.

...the first...

W. H. MORLEY.

III.

The second part.

S

af - ter af - ter and hee tanne af - ter

af - ter

CANTVS.

IIII.

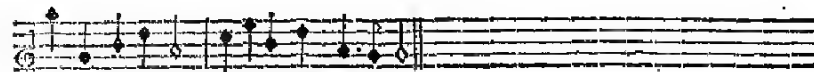
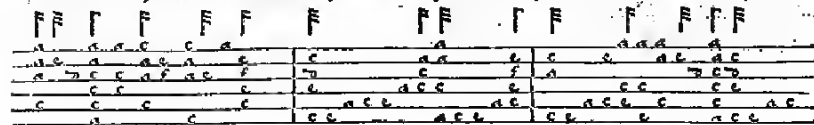
THO. MORLEY.



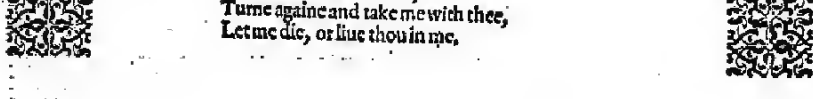
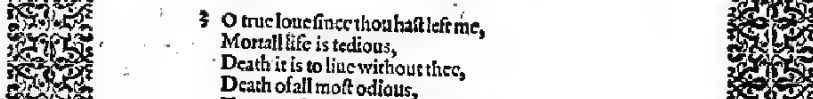
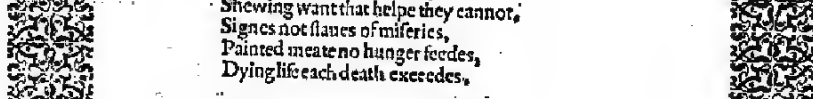
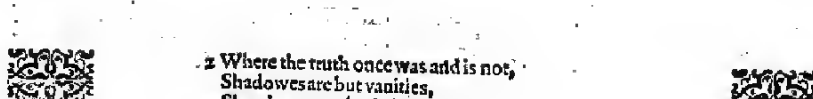
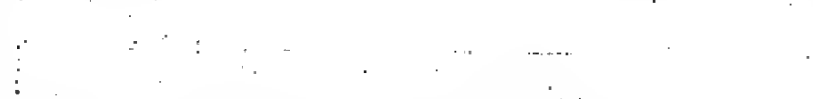
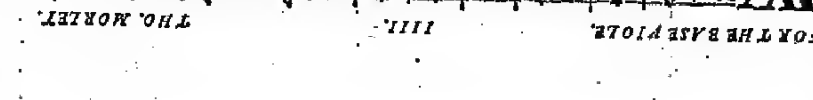
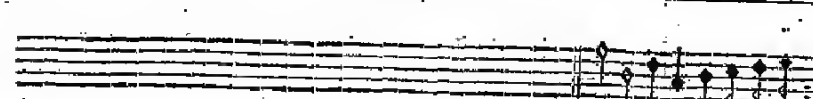
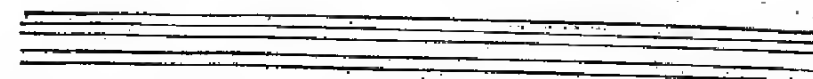
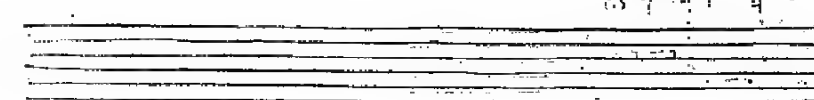
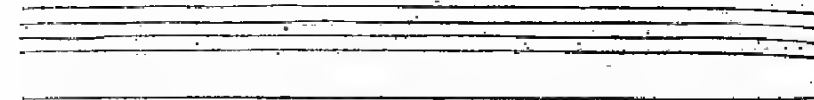
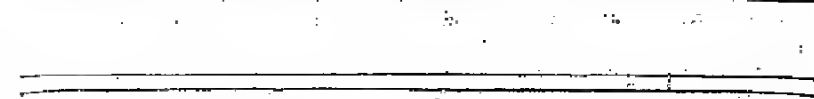
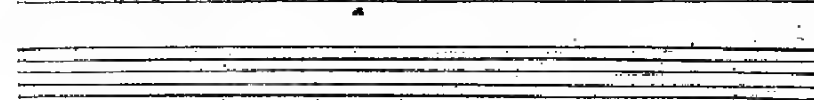
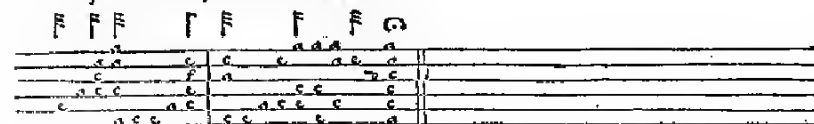
Ith my loue my life was nestled, In the some of happines, From my loue my



life was wrested, To a world of heauines, O let loue my life remooue, Sith I liue not wher I loue, O let



loue my life remooue, Sith I liue not wher I loue.



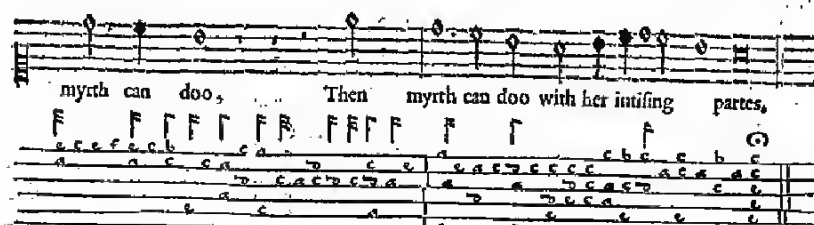
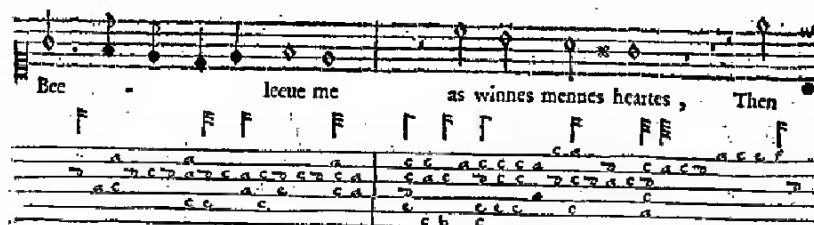
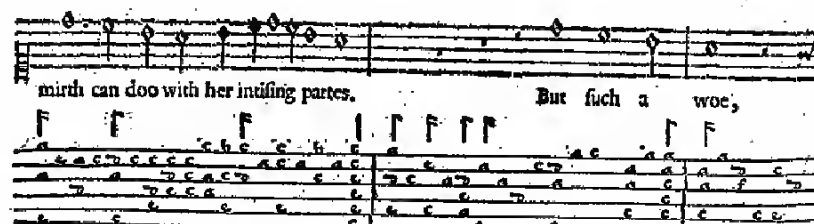
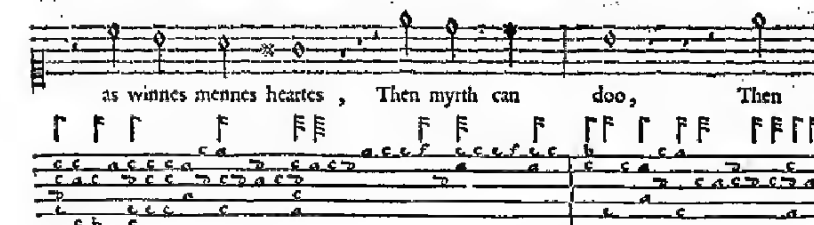
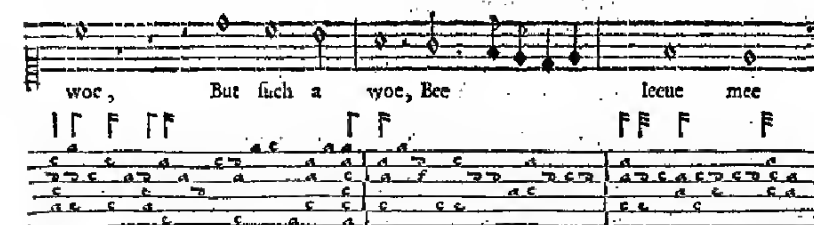
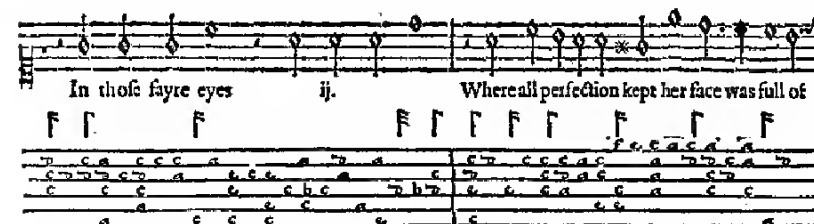
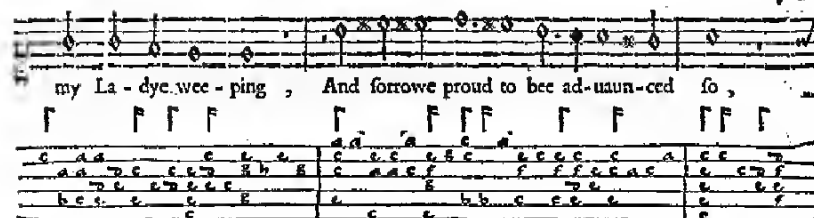
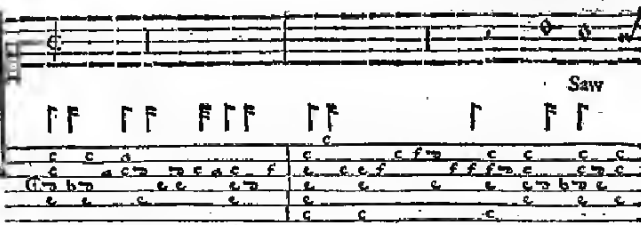
Ith my loue.



FOR THE BASE VIOL.

2 Where the truth once was and is not,
Shadowes are but vanities,
Shewing want that helpe they cannot,
Signes not flanes of miseries,
Painted meate no hunger feedes,
Dying life each death exceeds.

3 O true loue since thou hast left me,
Morall life is tedious,
Death it is to liue without thee,
Death of all most odious,
Turne againe and take me with thee,
Let me die, or liue thou in me.



I T was a louver and his lasse, With a haye with a hoe and a haye nonie

no and a haye nonie nonie no, That o're the green come fields did passe in spring time, ij.

the only prettiring time whē birds do sing, hay ding a ding a ding ij. Sweete

louters loue the springe in spring time, ij. The onely prettiring time whē birds do sing, Haye

ding a ding a ding, ij. Sweete louters loue the spring.

I T WAS A LOUER
THO. MORLEY.

2 Betwene the Akers of the rie,
With a hay, with a ho and a hay nonie no,
These prettie Countrie foolcs would lie,
In spring time, the onely prettie ring time,
When Birds doe sing, hay ding a ding a ding,
Sweete louters loue the spring.

3 This Carrell they began that houre,
With a hay, with a ho and a hay nonie no,
How that a life was but a flower,
In spring time, the onely prettie ring time,
When Birds doe sing, hay ding a ding a ding,
Sweete louters loue the spring.

4 Then prettie louters take the time,
With a hay, with a ho and a hay nonie no,
For loue is crowned with the prime,
In spring time, the onely prettie ring time,
When Birds doe sing, hay ding a ding a ding,
Sweete louters loue the spring.

V Ho is it that this darke

night. VWho is it that this darke night, Vnder my

window play - neth, It is one that from thy sight bee - ing ah ex - ilde dif -

dat - neth eue - rie o - ther vul - gar light, It is one that from thy sight

be - ing ah ex - ilde dif - dat - neth e - ue - rie other vul - gar light.

Ho is it that this darke night

THO. MORLEY.

2 Why alas and are you he,
Be not those fond fancies chaunged,
Deare when you find change in me,
Though from me you be estranged,
Let my change to ruine be.

3 Well in absence this will die,
Leaue to see and leaue to wonder,
Absence sure will helpe if I,
Can learne how my selfe to funder,
From what in my heart doth lie.

4 But time will these thoughts remove,
Time doth worke what no man knoweth:
Time doth as the subiect proue.
With time still the affection groweth,
In the faithfull turtle Dove.

5 What if you new beauties see,
Will not they stirre new affection,
I will thinke they pictures bee:
Image like of Saints perfection.
Poorely counterfeiting thee.

6 But the reasons purest light,
Bids you leaue such minds to nourish,
Deare doe reason no such spite,
Neuer doth thy beautie flourish,
More then in my reasons sight.

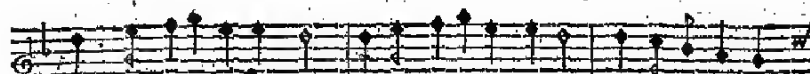
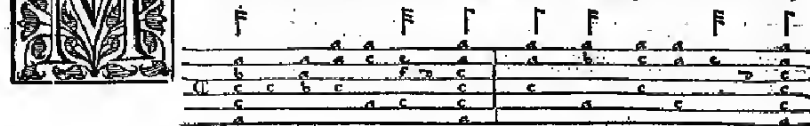
7 But the wrongs loue beares will make,
Loue at length leaue vnder taking,
No the more fooles it doe shake,
In a ground of so firme making,
Deeper still they diue the stake.

8 Peace I thinke that some giue care,
Come no more least I get anger,
Blisse I will my blisse forbear,
Fearing sweete you to endanger,
But my foule shall harbor there.

9 Well begon, begon I say,
Least that Argues eyes perceiue you,
O vniustest fortunes sway,
Which can make me thus to leaue,
And from Loues to runne away.



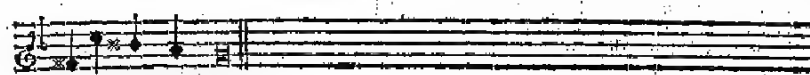
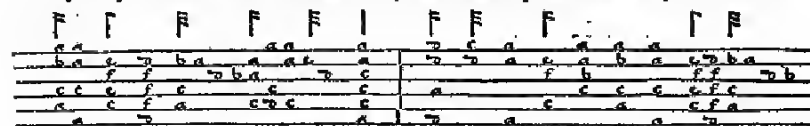
Itterell mine well may you fare, Kind be your thoughts and void of care,



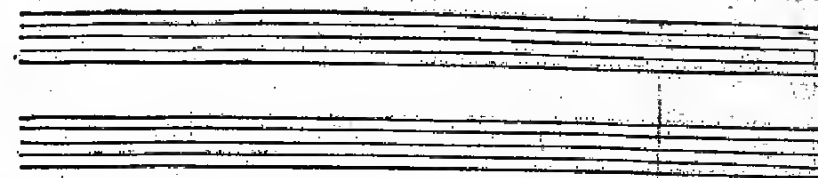
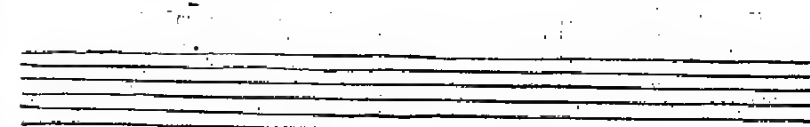
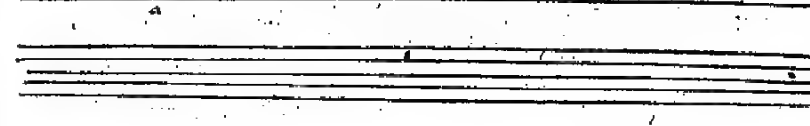
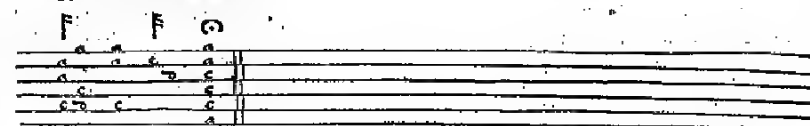
Sweete Saint Venus bee your speede, That you may in loue proceede, Coll mee and clip and



kisse me to, So so so so true loue should do, Coll me and clip and kisse mee to, So so so so



so true loue should doo.



THO. MORLEY.

VIII.

FOR THE BASE VIOL.

2 This faire morning Suonie bright,
That giues life to loues delight;
Euerie hart with heate inflames,
And not cold affection blames,
Coll me and clip and kisse me to,
So so so so true loue should do.

3 In these woods are none but birds,
They can speake but silent words:
They are prettie harmlesse things,
They will shade vs with their wings,
Coll me and clip and kisse me to,
So so so so true loue should do.

4 Neuer strue nor make no noyes,
Tis for foolish giles and boyes,
Euerie childish thing can say,
Goe to, how now, pray away,
Coll me and clip and kisse me to,
So so so so true loue should do.



An I forget what reasons force, Imprinted in my heart, Can I un-

think these reflexle thoughtes when first I felt loues dart, Shall tongue recall what

thoughts & loue by reason once did speake. No, no all thinges faue death wantes

force that faith - full band to breake, No, no all things saue death wants force that

faithfull hand to breake.

[illegible]

FOR THE BASS VIOLE.

Y

ЛЮД. МОУЛЕУ.

2 For now I proue no life to loue, where fancie breeds content,
True loues reward with wife regard, is neuer to repent,
It yeelds delight that feedes the light, whilst distance doe them part,
Such fooode fedde me when I did see, in mine another hart,

3 Another hart I spied, combin'd within my brest so fast,
As to a stranger I seeme strange, but loue forc'd loue at last,
Yer was I not as then I seem'd, but rather wish to see,
If in so full of harbour loue, might constant lodged bee.

4 So *Cupid* playes oft now a dayes, and makes the foole seeme faire,
He dims the sight breeding delight, where we seeme to dispaire,
So in our hart he makes them sport, and laughs at them that loue,
Who for their paine gets this againe, their loue no liking moue.



One wingd my hopes and taught them how to flie,

Fare from base earth, But not to mount, But not to mount, But not to mount

to his, For true pleasure ij. lives in measure which if men for

sake, Blinded they into follie run, Blinded they into follie follie

runne, And grieve, And grieve, And grieve for pleasure take. For

THO. MORLEY. X

FOR THE BASE VIOL.

One wingd my hopes.

But my vaine hopes proud of their new taught light,
Enam'd sought to woo the Sunner faire light,
V whose rich brightnesse, moued their lightnesse,
To aspire to high,
That all fowles & creatures with first now drowned in wo they lie;

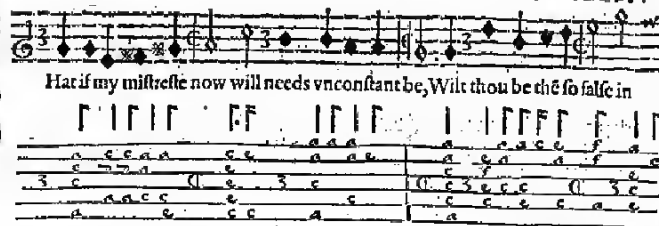


And none but lost their wofull hap doth rue,
For less doth know that their desires were true;
Though fates frowned and now downed,
They in sorrow dwell,
It was the purest light of beaumen for whose faire love they fell;

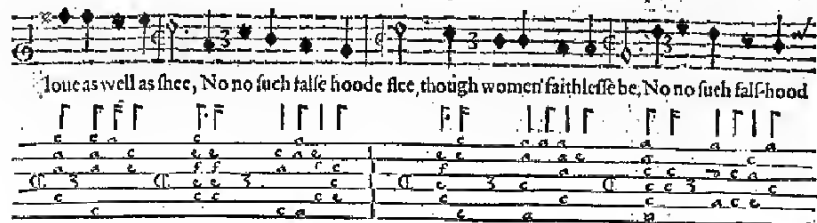
true pleasure ij. lives in measure which if men for sake,

Blinded they into folly run, Blinded they into follie follie runne, And grieve, And grieve,

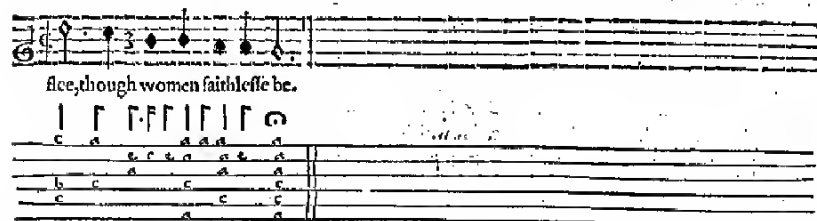
And grieve for pleasure take.



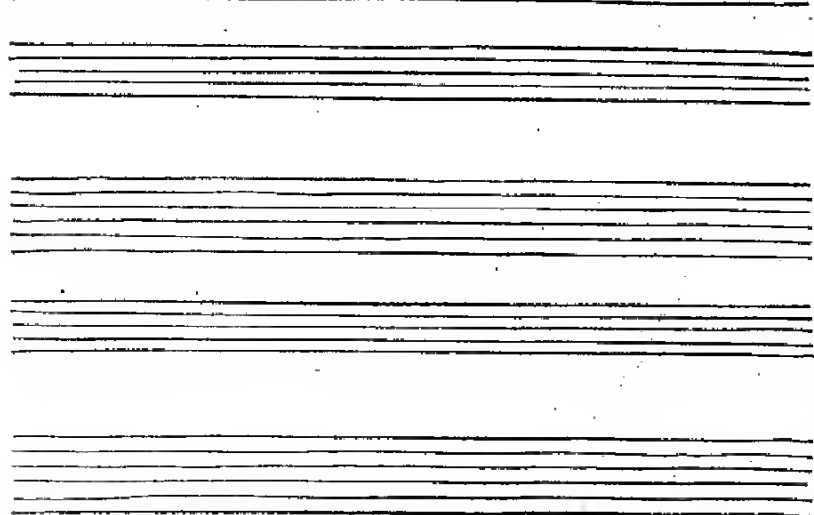
Har if my mistresse now will needs vnconstant be, Wilt thou be the so false in



loue as well as thee, No no such false hoode thee, though women faithlesse be, No no such false hood



thee, though women faithlesse be.



Har if my mistresse,

W

THO. MORLEY.

XI.

FOR THE BASE VIOL.

- 2 My mistresse frownes and sweares that now I loue her not,
The change thee finds, is that which my dispaire begot,
Dispaire which is my loue, since thee all faith forgot.
- 3 Shee blames my truth and causelesly accuseth me,
I must not let mine eyes report what they doe see,
My thoughts refrained must be, and yet thee will goe free,
- 4 If shee doth change thee must not be in constancie,
For why shee doth professe to take such libertie,
Her fellic shee will vntie, and yet fast bound am I.
- 5 If shee at once doe please to fauour more then one,
I agreed in humble sort to make my mone,
I spake not to a stone, where fence of loue is none.
- 6 But now let loue in time redresse all these my wrongs,
And let my loue receiue the due to her belongs,
Els thus ile frame my song or chaunge my mistresse longs.
- 7 Which if I find my hart some other where shall dwell,
For louing not to be beloued it is a hell,
Since so my hap befell, I bid my loue farre well.

CANTVS.

XII.

THO. MORLEY.



One sorrow come sit

downe and mome with me, Hange downe thy head vppon thy bale - fell brest,

That God and man and all the world may see, Our heanie heartes doo liue in quiet rest,

Enfold thine armes and wring and wring thy wretched hands, To shewe the state where

in poore sorrowe standes, To shew the state wherein poore for - row standes,

One sorrow come

THO. MORLEY

FOR THE BASE VIOL

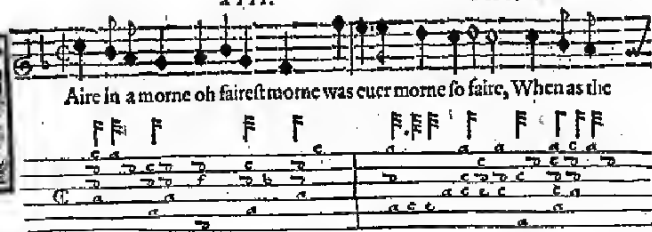


- 2 Crie not out-right for that were childrens guile,
But let thy teares fall trickling downe thy face,
And weepe so long untill thy blubbered eyes,
May see (in Sunne) the depth of thy disgrace.
Oh shake thy head, but not a word but mumme.
The heart once dead, the tongue is stroken dumme,
- 3 And let our fare be dishes of dispiht,
To breake our hearts and not our fastes withall,
Then let vs sup, with sorrow sops at night,
And bitter sawce, all of a broken gall,
Thus let vs liue, till heaucns may rue to see,
The dolcfull doome ordained for thee and mee,



Enfold thine armes & wring, And wring thy wretched hands, To shewe the state where

in poore sorrowe standes, To shewe the state where in poore sorrowe standes,



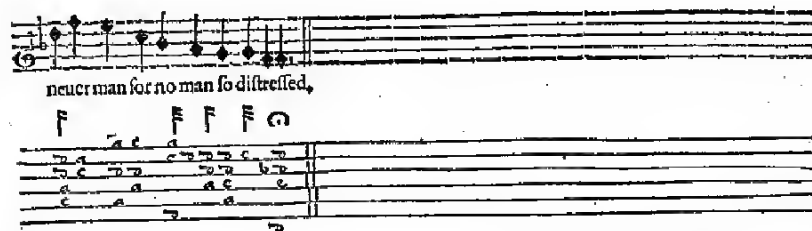
Aire in a morne oh fairest morne was euer morne so faire, When as the



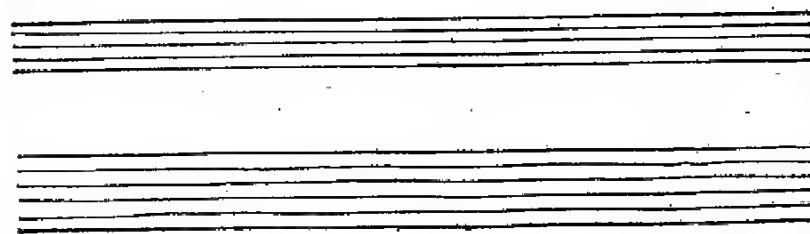
sun but not the same that shined in the ayre, And on a hill, oh fairest hill was neuer hill so blessed,



There stood a man was neuer man for no man so distressed, There stood a man was



neuer man for no man so distressed,



Aire in a morne.

THO. MORLEY.

XIII.

FOR THE BASE VIOLIN.

- 1 But of the earth no earthly Sunne, and yet no earthly creature,
There stood a face was neuer face, that carried such a feature,
This man had hap O happie man, no man so hap as he,
For none had hap to see the hap, that he had hapt to see.
- 3 And as he beheld this man beheld, he saw so faire a face,
The which would daunt the fairest here, and staine the brauest grace,
Pittie he cried, and pittie came, and pittied for his paine,
That dying would not let him die, but gaue him life againe.
- 4 For joy where of he made such mirth, that all the world did ring,
And for all his Nymphs came forth, to heare the Shepherds sing,
But such a song longer neuer was, nor nere will be againe,
Of Philida this shepherds Queene, and Coridon the twaine.

ANTY S.

XIIII.

T HO. MORLEY.



Blence heere

Blence heere

thou my pro - testa - tion , Against thy strength , distaunce and length doo

thou my pro - testa - tion , Against thy strength , distaunce and length doo

what you dare, Doe what you dare, For al - tera - tion , For

what you dare, Doe what you dare, For al - tera - tion , For

hates of tru - est met - tall , Absence dooth ioyne, Absence doth ioyne,

hates of tru - est met - tall , Absence dooth ioyne, Absence doth ioyne,

And time dooth set - tle , And time dooth set - tle.

And time dooth set - tle , And time dooth set - tle.